

RATES OF ADVERTISING: One Square, one inch, one insertion... 100 One Square, one inch, one month... 2.00 One Square, one inch, three months... 5.00 One Square, one inch, one year... 15.00 Two Squares, one year... 30.00 Quarter Column, one year... 25.00 Half Column, one year... 50.00 One Column, one year... 100.00

For an ancient despotism they have some strikingly modern ways in China.

It has been calculated by a Genoese journal that the discovery of America cost about \$7500. Columbus had a salary of \$333; the captains of the Nina and Pinta got \$180 each; the sailors received \$2.50 each per month. The outfit of the expedition amounted to \$2800.

M. de Royer, who is recognized as one of the leading authorities on questions of heraldry and genealogy in France, calculates that in a single year about \$20,000,000 have found their way into the pockets of the French nobility through the successful quest of American heiresses by titled Frenchmen, and it was not accounted an exceptionally successful year for the French nobility either. It is only about the average harvest, sad to say.

The "little brown men" of Japan are catching up rapidly with the ways of civilization. Directors of the Nishi Nari Railway Company have discovered a deficiency of \$270,000 in the company's assets and have demanded an explanation. President Manako has made an unsatisfactory statement to the effect that the missing money has been used for "promotion expenses." It appears that this company was organized several years ago with \$15,000,000 capital, to build a railroad from the south to the north end of Formosa. Actual work has never been commenced, and the money paid for stock has apparently been squandered. Verily, "Civilization on her luminous wings" has lost no time in soaring over to Japan.

In New York and other cities the public authorities are hotly blamed for the inadequacy of school accommodations, and the building of new schoolhouses presses hard upon the reluctant appropriators, especially in wards where the population is rapidly increased by immigration. Often it is necessary to hire extra rooms. In Boston there has been at least one instance where a new schoolroom was opened and immediately filled by children who had not been two months in America. Our climate hardly permits us to adopt a custom of the smaller towns of Greece, where the children often sit on benches in the open air, under the shade of a tree—from which the teacher can easily cut a switch. The young Turk not only comes to school in an out-of-door school, but he writes on the ground, using his finger or a stick in place of pen or pencil.

La Patrie, the official organ of the French-Canadians, is reminded by England's course with respect to Eshoda of the cruel tyranny with which the United States has treated Spain. "Right," it says, "is nothing to the Anglo-Saxon from the moment when he is certain that he is the stronger." That is indeed amusing, observes the New York Times; it also casts some light on the feeling of France for this country. The French-Canadians, as is well known, are considerably more French than Canadian, and just as their language is in a way more really Gallic than that of Paris, so their opinions can be taken as expressing more frankly the real opinions of France than do the numerous interviews with cosmopolitan Parisians that have been supplied to us. And the French-Canadians believe that the United States was utterly wrong and that Spain was utterly right in the recent argument. Well, well!

The Pesther Lloyd, of Vienna, Austria, reviews the legislation in relation to anarchism passed in different States during the last fifteen years. It begins with laws against the criminal use of explosives adopted in England, an example that was followed a little later by Germany and Austria. Later on the Belgian laws affecting anarchism were made more stringent. Between 1892 and 1894 no fewer than three different acts were passed in France, and these received a sharp application after the murder of President Carnot. As a result of this crime by the Italian Caserio, three similar laws were passed in Italy. They were suspended two years afterwards, but in consequence of the disturbances at Milan were re-enacted in a more severe form. Spain and Portugal have introduced similar modifications in their criminal legislation. Russia deals with the nihilists in her own fashion. There is, therefore, no lack of legislation on the subject, and the Pesther Lloyd argues that all that is necessary is that each nation should enforce energetically its own decrees. This would lead to a practical international agreement between all police authorities. It will remain for the different Powers to decide whether anarchist murders are to be dealt with as political or common crimes.

HOSANNA AND HUZAZAH.

Ere ever the guns are silenced; Ere ever the mandate, Peace! Shall fall on the raging nations, Shall bid all their warfare cease; Ere ever the lamb in slumber Lies safe 'neath the lion's paw, We will cry to the East: Hosanna! We will call to the West: Huzazah!

Far over the waving banners The foundry's flame-plumes swirl; And over the stoker's blazons The flag which he helped unfurl. But if o'er our hearts the lovers The glory of sacrifice— We will make to the East no moanings, We will make to the West no cries.

PRETTIEST ROMANCE OF ALL THE WAR.

By ADA PATTERSON.

[The most dramatic romance of the war with Spain is that of young Lieutenant Luke W. Terrill, of Louisville, Ky., and Senorita Maxia Antonius, of Barcelona, Spain. His situation is as marvelous as those of any melodrama, his motives as tender as those of any idyl ever written. It is a story of battle and death and mourning and love. Its recital is a bit of descriptive music which can be heard, first, the reveille, then a death cry, the mourning voice of a woman, a song of love and the chiming of marriage bells. A Kentucky lieutenant and a Spanish captain and the girl who was the daughter of one and will be the bride of the other, are the three chief figures in the romance.]

"YOU HAVE BEEN A GENEROUS FOE," I MPLORE you to keep the coat. Its bloodstains and its bullet holes will remind you of a Spaniard's death wound and his thanks.

"America no, the darkness and the cold are come. Kiss me, my friend. Adios!"

A big, honest-eyed Kentuckian stooped above a dying Spaniard. He touched the paling, bearded lips with his hand and found that the darkness and the cold had indeed come. A girl who had been holding the hand of the Spanish captain, Jesu Antonius, in hers felt the fingers stiffen and grow chill. She pressed her olive cheek close to his black-bearded one. Again she felt the chill. Weeping beside him there, it was easy to note the resemblance of her delicate profile to his harsher one, and to know that Captain Jesu Antonius, dead, and Maxia Antonius, mourning, were father and daughter.

Lieutenant Luke Terrill himself led the weeping girl away from the stark, soldierly figure on the hacienda veranda. A wrinkled, yellow duenna met him at the door and snatched the girl's hand from his arm. "Accursed Americano. There is your work. You shall not enter here!" Crossing herself and mumbling, she hurried the girl away, but not before Senorita Maxia Antonius had given a backward glance of grief and gratitude.

The Spanish physician tolerated the touch of the American upon the body of Captain Antonius. He saw it was a strong and wise and tender touch. He allowed him to help to carry the dead captain within. Then he dismissed him and Lieutenant Terrill returned to the detachment of men that had been stationed on the hacienda to save Captain Antonius's property from the revengeful and ravaging Porto Ricans.

He was a splendid young specimen of manhood, from that splendid rearing ground of men, Kentucky. He was a good six feet in height, and had a fine sweep of shoulders and the free stride of an Indian. His eyes were frank and blue. His hair and mustache were of the color of the chestnuts in the woods at home. He had written a long letter to his mother that morning.

"I am in charge of fifty men, who are guarding the hacienda of a rich Spaniard from Barcelona, who is skimming somewhere near Ponce. The Porto Ricans hate him because he is rich and Spanish and spends only a month or two here at the hacienda. Now that he has joined the army they are more vindictive than ever. There are only his daughter—a young woman, the most beautiful I ever saw; mother, who casts the most disdainful glances upon me and never deigns to speak—and three or four servants. It is rather monotonous, this role of unwelcome protector. I wish something would happen to stir the blood."

And something did happen before the ink was dry upon the paper. A little procession filed out of the woods and up the hill. A torn handkerchief waved from a branch the bearer had cut in the woods. It was a pitiful flag of truce, and the Lieutenant ordered his men to lower their guns. As the men came near it could be seen that the men bore a litter. The Kentuckian and his men went to meet them. "I surrender, Americano; it is final," said the man on the litter, with a grim attempt at a joke. Lieutenant Terrill moistened the old man's lips from a canteen. He bade his own men relieve the tired men who carried the litter. He loosened the coat that seemed too tight for the bearing chest of the Spaniard in his death agony. "You have protected my home and my little one? Thanks! Thanks!" And so they had carried Captain Antonius to his home. He had begged that they let him rest upon the veranda. "I am too tired. I can go no

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

As a Special Concession—Not a New Discovery—An Invitation—Stated With Precision—Evidence of Ability—A Grave Charge—His Sister's Way, Etc. "You'll be sorry for this!" the horse thief cried.

Not a New Discovery. "A member of the French Academy says that the growth of hair can be stimulated by music," remarked Mrs. Darley.

An Invitation. First Tramp—"Do you want ter take lunch wid me to-morrer?"

Second Tramp—"Take lunch wid you?"

First Tramp—"Yes; I know an ole woman what I think is soft-hearted enough to hand out grub fer two of us."—Puck.

Stated With Precision. "I suppose," said the admiring friend, "that you gave a great deal of thought to that big case you just won?"

"No," answered the lawyer, "I never gave a bit of thought to it. But," he added reflectively, "I sold a lot."—Washington Star.

Armed For the Fray. Wilkins (about to discharge the cook)—"I'm mighty glad I saved these football things of Tom's."—Life.

Evidence of Ability. "Skidley always seems in dunder," remarked the gossip. "And yet he never accomplishes much."

"Yes," replied the eager listener; "he's one of those people who, whenever they do anything, make you think they'd be first-rate hands at something else."—Washington Star.

A Grave Charge. First Police Official (anxiously)—"I hear that one of our men has beaten half a dozen inoffensive citizens to death."

Second Police Official (hotly)—"If that horrible charge is true, I'll—I'll hang me if I don't have him transferred to another precinct."

His Sister's Way. Teacher—"Bobby, if your mother gave you six apples to divide equally with you, how many would you get?"

Bobby—"None."

Teacher—"Why, Bobby, you'd get three apples."

Bobby—"You don't know my sister."—Chicago Record.

The Fish's Trouble. "How are you getting on?" asked the first fish.

"No luck at all!" replied the second fish. "The man at the end of the line is an idiot."

"What's the trouble?" "I took the bait an hour ago, and I've been watching ever since for him to put some more on."—London Judy.

His Mistake. She—"They say that a little learning is a dangerous thing."

He—"Yes, I guess it is. I found it so once. I stopped investigating when I found out how much property my first wife's father was supposed to own, without going ahead and making inquiries as to his debts. But I'll never get taken in that way again."—Cleveland Leader.

Was He a Coward? Wife (to lion tamer, who has been out late)—"You coward!"—Phil May's Annual.

Turning Away Wrath. "It really made me indignant, Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton, "when you intimated that I had not accomplished much in this life."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I don't like to dispute your opinions. But to suggest that a man who succeeded in becoming your husband hasn't achieved much does seem just a little bit unjust."

Glaring Exception. "Talk about men being punished in this life for their misdeeds!" exclaimed Gwilliams.

"Well, what new light have you got on that subject?" asked Sfont.

"Didn't you read about that tornado out West a few weeks ago that struck a train and upset a car? The only man in it who was hurt was the baggage man."—Chicago Tribune.

war, and he proposed and was accepted.

The senorita and her duenna returned to the hacienda that day. The Lieutenant was to follow them the next, but the yellow fiend forbade it. Instead of going to the hacienda he was sent home on the Relief.

III.

ANOTHER INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE.

Lieutenant Terrill is convealing rapidly at his home at Louisville, but not half as quickly as he wishes. Every letter he receives from the Porto Rican hacienda makes him more impatient of the lassitude of illness. One fact is assured. There will be a wedding in the little church at Ponce. Out in the church yard there is a grave two months old. It can be seen from the altar before which Senorita Maxia Antonius and Lieutenant Luke W. Terrill will plight their marriage vows. If Captain Jesu Antonius knows, he is glad.

It is the wish of the bride that they shall go to her home at Barcelona, Spain, on their wedding tour and the devoted Kentuckian would gladly go to the wilds of the Congo with her as companion. If the President will grant him leave of absence they will spend their honeymoon in Spain and then return to the sunny hacienda in the spring.

Beside the beautiful bride's 2000 acres, near Ponce, and her ancestral estate in Spain, the happy pair will have one treasure trove, the bullet-torn, blood-stained coat of a Spanish officer's uniform.—New York Journal.

A NAPOLEONIC ENSIGN.

How Young Curtin, U. S. N., Demanded the Surrender of Ponce.

Richard Harding Davis, in an article in Scribner's Magazine on the Porto Rico Campaign, relates how Ensign Curtin demanded the surrender of Ponce, as follows:

He is about the youngest-looking boy in the navy, and he is short of stature, but in his methods he is Napoleonic. He landed, with a letter, for the military commander, which demanded the surrender of the port and city, and he wore his side-arms, and an expression in which there was no trace of pity. The Captain of the Port informed him that the military commander was at Ponce, but that he might be persuaded to surrender if the American naval officer would condescend to drive up to Ponce, and make his demands in person. The American officer fairly shook and quivered with indignation. "Zounds," and "Gadzooks," and "Hang it, sir," would have utterly failed to express his astonishment. Had it come to this, then, that an ensign, holding the President's commission, and representing such a ship of terror as the Wasp, was to go to a mere colonel, commanding a district of 60,000 inhabitants?

"How long will it take that military commander to get down here if he hurries?" demanded Ensign Curtin. The trembling Captain of the Port, the terrified foreign consuls and the custom house officials thought that a swift-moving cab might bring him to the port in a half hour.

"Have you a telephone about the place?" asked the Napoleonic Curtin. They had.

"Then call him up and tell him that if he doesn't come down here in a half in thirty minutes and surrender, I shall bombard Ponce!"

This was the Ensign's ultimatum. He turned his back on the terrified inhabitants and returned to his gig. Four hacks started on a mad race for Ponce, and the central office of the telephone rang with hurly calls.

On his way out to the ship Ensign Curtin met Commander Davis on his way to the shore. Commander Davis looked at his watch. "I shall extend his time another half hour," said Commander Davis. Ensign Curtin related sternly, making no criticism upon this weak concession of the part of his superior officer, but he could afford to be magnanimous.

Apple-Fed Deer.

The tameness of the deer in Maine is remarkable. They chum with cattle in the pastures and make themselves at home in barnyards, while a few cases are reported where men have made pets of deer and allowed them to fatten in their orchards, so that the animals might be good and fat when the shooting season opened. Such an apple-fed deer was brought to Bangor recently, and it is asserted that the fruit diet will greatly improve the flavor of the meat.

A man who was carrying a load of apples along the road to Ellsworth, the other day, had a strange experience with hungry deer. The cart broke down, and the man decided to camp out on the road for the night. At midnight he was awakened by a crunching noise and found his outfit surrounded by a herd of deer who were helping themselves to the apples in the crates and boxes. The man had a gun, but it was one day before open time, and he had too much respect for the law to shoot.—New York Sun.

The Heaviest Man on Earth.

If greatest were the test of avoirdupois the place of honor would be filled by Maurice Canon, a native of the small frontier town of Stein, in the State of Constance. This man is said to weigh not less than fifty stone, and may claim to be the heaviest man on earth. He measures over 100 inches around the waist and sixty-four around the thigh. His enormous weight does not apparently inconvenience him, for he is active and in robust health. He is a well-to-do, middle-aged farmer, and, though his gigantic proportions naturally make him an object of curiosity to his neighbors, he has declined all offers to stray from his native fields.—Humanitarian.

THE MERRY SIDE OF LIFE.

STORIES THAT ARE TOLD BY THE FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

As a Special Concession—Not a New Discovery—An Invitation—Stated With Precision—Evidence of Ability—A Grave Charge—His Sister's Way, Etc. "You'll be sorry for this!" the horse thief cried.

Not a New Discovery. "A member of the French Academy says that the growth of hair can be stimulated by music," remarked Mrs. Darley.

An Invitation. First Tramp—"Do you want ter take lunch wid me to-morrer?"

Second Tramp—"Take lunch wid you?"

First Tramp—"Yes; I know an ole woman what I think is soft-hearted enough to hand out grub fer two of us."—Puck.

Stated With Precision. "I suppose," said the admiring friend, "that you gave a great deal of thought to that big case you just won?"

"No," answered the lawyer, "I never gave a bit of thought to it. But," he added reflectively, "I sold a lot."—Washington Star.

Armed For the Fray. Wilkins (about to discharge the cook)—"I'm mighty glad I saved these football things of Tom's."—Life.

Evidence of Ability. "Skidley always seems in dunder," remarked the gossip. "And yet he never accomplishes much."

"Yes," replied the eager listener; "he's one of those people who, whenever they do anything, make you think they'd be first-rate hands at something else."—Washington Star.

A Grave Charge. First Police Official (anxiously)—"I hear that one of our men has beaten half a dozen inoffensive citizens to death."

Second Police Official (hotly)—"If that horrible charge is true, I'll—I'll hang me if I don't have him transferred to another precinct."

His Sister's Way. Teacher—"Bobby, if your mother gave you six apples to divide equally with you, how many would you get?"

Bobby—"None."

Teacher—"Why, Bobby, you'd get three apples."

Bobby—"You don't know my sister."—Chicago Record.

The Fish's Trouble. "How are you getting on?" asked the first fish.

"No luck at all!" replied the second fish. "The man at the end of the line is an idiot."

"What's the trouble?" "I took the bait an hour ago, and I've been watching ever since for him to put some more on."—London Judy.

His Mistake. She—"They say that a little learning is a dangerous thing."

He—"Yes, I guess it is. I found it so once. I stopped investigating when I found out how much property my first wife's father was supposed to own, without going ahead and making inquiries as to his debts. But I'll never get taken in that way again."—Cleveland Leader.

Was He a Coward? Wife (to lion tamer, who has been out late)—"You coward!"—Phil May's Annual.

Turning Away Wrath. "It really made me indignant, Henrietta," said Mr. Meekton, "when you intimated that I had not accomplished much in this life."

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I don't like to dispute your opinions. But to suggest that a man who succeeded in becoming your husband hasn't achieved much does seem just a little bit unjust."

Glaring Exception. "Talk about men being punished in this life for their misdeeds!" exclaimed Gwilliams.

"Well, what new light have you got on that subject?" asked Sfont.

"Didn't you read about that tornado out West a few weeks ago that struck a train and upset a car? The only man in it who was hurt was the baggage man."—Chicago Tribune.

PUZZLE DEPARTMENT.

The solutions to these puzzles will appear in a succeeding issue.

5.—A Double Acrostic.

- 1. A place of burial. 2. A person famed for noble action. 3. A masculine name. 4. To injure. 5. A preposition. 6. A plant. The finals give the name of a city. The initials give the city's nickname.

6.—An Hour-Glass.

1. Murmurs of discontent. 2. Continuing for a long time. 3. A goddess. 4. A short sleep. 5. A conjunction in Profectum. 6. A kind of vehicle. 7. A dart. 8. A kind of plate. 9. A place for walking. Centrals—A great historical character.

7.—Three Buried Cities and One Buried State.

- 1. After what, bezique became the fashionable game. 2. In the next chapter, the character of Imogene vanished entirely. 3. There fell a large bomb a yard or two from where I was standing. 4. I found Ernest exasperated at the unjust treatment he had received.

8.—Five Pied Lakes of the United States.

- 1. Acersay. 2. Ellstam. 3. Adelon. 4. Ddmmonur. 5. Ceidgeck.

Solutions to Previous Puzzles.

- 1.—A Geographical Charade.—Ontario. 2.—A Proverb Puzzle.—A rolling stone gathers no moss. 3.—A Diamond—D L E E Y D E E Y E E L Y

4.—A Decapitation—Broll, roll, oil, I

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

The least distance of Mars from the earth is about 36,000,000 miles, and that of Venus 24,000,000.

A dredging and shoveling apparatus worked by electricity has been applied to a Colorado placer mine by a manufacturing company.

The elephant has more muscles in its trunk than any other creature possesses in its entire body, their number being no fewer than 49,000.

Professor Lupo, of Naples, Italy, puts his patients with diabetes upon an exclusive vegetable diet with no restriction as to kind, as he claims, with the most satisfactory results.

M. Bequerel reported two years ago that salts of uranium throw off an invisible radiance much like that of the Roentgen rays, and a variety of pitchblende has been found by M. and Mme. Curie to possess that property to a much greater degree.

In Germany the slag from furnaces is used in the manufacture of bricks. The slag is granulated and mixed with lime and water, and the mortar, or concrete, so produced is placed in molds and is allowed to set. The bricks are grayish white in color.

Mancoba rubber is produced in Brazil by simply cutting the bark of the tree, letting the sap run in drops to the base, where by the action of the sun's rays it coagulates and forms an irregular solid mass, which is gathered by the natives and sold to the middlemen, by whom it is shipped to America and Europe.

Strange People of Toccopia. Australian papers which arrived at Vancouver, B. C., give interesting details of the cruise of H. M. S. Mohawk in the Solomon Islands. An officer of the warship says:

"One of the most interesting features in connection with our cruise was the visit to Toccopia. Its people certainly are not Kaukaunas, woolly-haired or stunted in stature, but on the contrary its 800 inhabitants are giants. One we measured was six feet ten inches large. The women are proportionally large.

"The men have long straight hair which they dye a flaxen color and which in thick folds hangs over their copper-tinted shoulders. The women have their hair cut short. They may be related to the Samoans or Maoris, but they certainly differ so much from the Polynesians as to make their history most interesting.

"They have no weapons of defense. They marry only once, the superstition being that if a married man or woman dies the deceased's spirit has gone ahead and is waiting for the other half."

A Better Price. A clergyman was very much vexed by one of his congregations. An old man used to go to sleep during the sermon. The clergyman offered the old man's grandson a penny if he would keep his grandfather awake. This went on all right for a month.

One Sunday the old man went to sleep as usual. The clergyman asked the boy why he did not keep his grandfather awake. The boy answered: "You offered me a penny to keep him awake, but grandfather gives me impudence not to disturb him."—Spare Moments.

French and British Coronets. French counts have nine equal pearls in their coronets, while the British baron is entitled to a coronet of four big pearls.

ON THE FARM.

Well, boys, the corn is gittin' dry and huskin' time is draw'n nigh! It does my wrinkled old head good to look out witer wheat ain't hurt, and see instead shocks turnin' brown and punkins lollin' all aroun'—The old redskins! they spile my eyes for anythin' but punkin pies!

I see the airy frost has come and tched the path of cabbage some; To look out witer wheat ain't hurt, and see instead shocks turnin' brown and punkins lollin' all aroun'—The old redskins! they spile my eyes for anythin' but punkin pies!

The turkeys is a-growin' fat; If the birds know where they was at they wouldn't stuff themselves that way, Pervidin' fer Thanksgiving day. The crops is in; the fall is here—And what a old rip-snootin' year! It makes my wrinkled old heart swell Sometimes to—hear that dinner bell!

"His Honor is at steak," said the waiter when the county judge was at dinner.

Bob—"What makes you think a leopard can change his spots?" Fred—"Well, he can change his hide'n places, can't he?"

"What's in a name?" a recent traveler was heard to exclaim. "Why, about the hottest country on the globe is Chili!"

"Was there much damage to the library by fire?" "Well, all the rare books are well done now."—Yonkers Statesman.

A somewhat weather-beaten tramp, being asked what was the matter with his coat, replied, "Insomnia; it hasn't had a nap in ten years."

He (desperately)—"Will you marry me? I've asked you to marry me twice." She ( languidly )—"No; I wouldn't even marry you once."—Adams Freeman.

"Your replies are very tart," said the young husband. Then he hastily added: "But they are not as tart as those that mother made."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Twynn—"A lately-discovered antiseptic is called by his German discoverer, 'Potassiumorthodinitrorescolate.' Triplett—"How did he discover its name?"—Puck.

Cholly—"Yaas, several years ago I fell deeply in love with a girl, but she rejected me—made a regular fool of me." Molly—"And you never got over it?"—Brooklyn Life.

Visitor (in insane asylum)—"And this poor fellow is the father of triplets. Why does he continually call for a gun?" Attendant—"He thinks he sees a stork, mum."—Town Topics.

Madam (to riding master)—"Well, sir, do you think I make any progress?" Riding Master—"Certainly; you fall much more gracefully than you used to when you first began."—Bicycling World.

"That's quite a draft from the west this morning," remarked the banker to the cashier as they glanced over the mail. The new office boy promptly closed the transom and again stood at attention.—Detroit Free Press.

"Did you see the story of that fellow with only \$800 who succeeded in failing for \$50,000?" "Sure." "What do you think of it?" "Well, I wouldn't like to do it myself, but I would like to be able to do it."—Chicago Evening Post.

Sabbath School Teacher—"Why, Petey Murphy! Fighting again? Did not last Sunday's lesson teach that when you are struck on one cheek to turn the other to the striker?" Petey Murphy—"Yes'm; but he welted me on the nose, an' I only got one."

A traveler announces as a fact (and though he is a "traveler" we believe him) that he once in his life beheld people "minding their own business." This remarkable occurrence happened at sea, the passengers being "too sick" to attend to each other's concerns.

Doctor—"Well, Johnnie, don't you feel better since I gave you the medicine?" Doctor—"Yes; I forgot all about being ill." Doctor—"That's what I thought; and it wasn't hard to take, was it?" Johnny—"Well it was rather, for it took two of us boys to hold Carlo while we gave it to him."

"I should think you'd get some work to do," said the lady to a tramp who had left his friend at the gate. "I'm working at my regular business, right along, madam," said the itinerant. "And what might your regular business be?" "Traveling companion, madam."—Yonkers Statesman.

Teacher—"Johnny, can you tell me what is meant by 'steward'?" Johnny—"A steward is a man that doesn't mind his own business." Teacher—"Why, where did you get that idea?" Johnny—"Well I looked it up in the dictionary, and it said: 'A man who attends to the affairs of others.'"—Truth.

A Budget of Definitions. Memory—The index to a person's thoughts.